

*The*  
**Whirlpool**

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# THE WHIRLPOOL

Published by the Junior Class

PENNELL INSTITUTE

GRAY, MAINE

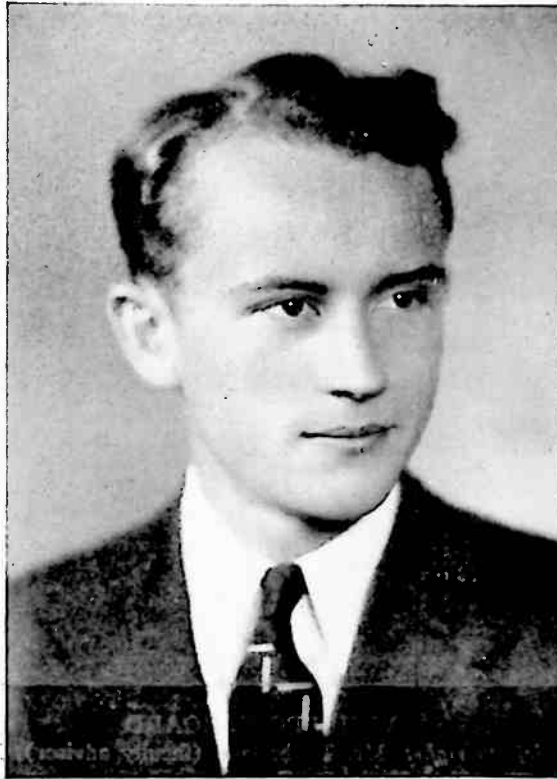
MAY, 1942

## IN GRATIFICATION

WE, THE EDITORIAL STAFF, would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to those who have helped to create this edition of the WHIRLPOOL. To the advertisers we are especially grateful for their generous support.

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FRANK RECORD

WE, THE CLASS OF '43, wish to dedicate this edition of the WHIRLPOOL to our beloved friend and teacher, Frank Record, who has been granted a leave of absence to serve in the United States Army Air Corps.

We Juniors know that we speak for the entire student body when we say how much we miss him. For three years we enjoyed his classes, his friendly leadership, his patience and understanding, and above all his warm, vibrant personality. Happy Landings, Frank!



#### WHIRLPOOL BOARD

*Back row, left to right:* Mr. Timberlake (faculty adviser), Earle Wilson, Milo Cummings, Martin Lashua.  
*Front row, left to right:* Shirley Kuch, Jeanne Smith, Arnold Hall, Elizabeth Stetson, Geraldine Pollard.

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and Crafts.



## EDITORIALS

### PENNELL AND THE WAR

On the morning of December eighth, Nineteen hundred and forty-one, we came to school, some not understanding what had happened, others solemnly knowing that we were in this War for good now. All of us wanted to do something to help our country—but, what could we do? This question stumped us for a while. Then the Civilian Defense Workers here in town came to our rescue.

Why, there was much that each of us could be doing!

The following day all received a list of things that we could do to help. We were to check the ones we thought that we were able to do. The list contained: Typing, knitting, sewing, running errands, driving cars, taking care of children so their parents would be able to attend Defense meetings, and a few other odd jobs. Everything was to be done, of course, without reimbursement.

Then the Student Council had a meeting for the sole purpose of discussing our position. They have arranged a special course in First Aid, taught by Doctor Beck, making the members eligible to receive a Junior Red Cross certificate.

Also, two members of the Student Council sell Defense Stamps at the High School every Tuesday morning. This is turning out quite successfully with the students buying more and more each time. Too, we have held Fire and Air Raid Precaution Drills to enable us to get out of the school building into a safer location in a very short time.

Yes, I think that we here at Pennell are ready to do our part—are you?

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### DEFENSE WORK AND THE GRADUATE

When many graduates leave the high schools throughout the nation this June many will be faced with the same problem, "What do I want to do? What field do I want to enter?"

Many will solve this problem easily by going directly into Defense Work. They will choose the jobs that have the least necessary training invariably, thus affording the individual the opportunity to receive his full pay almost immediately.

However, the rest of the graduates will stop and consider. You may ask what they are doing this for. These few will have the foresight to see that once the War is over the Defense Worker will be out on his own. If his training doesn't cover anything other than for work in shipyards, powder factories, etc., it may be too late for him to start where he left off at graduation and train for a more promising future.

This article isn't to influence any of the Seniors to thrust the idea of Defense Work out of their minds. Indeed not! But it is to ask the graduate to stop and consider. There are many occupations that one can have that are essential to National Defense that will have a future. An example of this is Radio. This is a highly important branch in National Defense. There is a wide field to choose from in Radio and each of these necessary jobs will afford one the opportunity to continue in this same line. And this is only one of a hundred, more or less, such occupations.

This entire article can be reduced to one sentence, "When you graduate this Spring, and that large percentage of you who will enter Defense Work, stop and look for a job with a future; there are plenty of them that are essential to the War Effort."

ARNOLD M. HALL, '43.





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## In Memoriam

ALMON C. HALL

June 1, 1894, to April 24, 1942

*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.*

"Pop" Hall, beloved friend and father to all the students! What an empty feeling was left in our hearts when we learned of his sudden passing away. For many years Mr. Hall had been not only our bus driver but also our most loyal supporter, our sincere friend. He endeared us to him by his ever ready wit and delightful sense of humor, and by the inherent goodness of his nature. We all loved and respected him as a friend and father.

In the hearts of all Pennell students there is now an empty space which will never be filled again.

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## THE SENIORS

### LUELLA MARGUERITE BOYD

"Lou"

Editor-in-chief of THE WHIRLPOOL 3; Basketball 3; Basketball Manager 2; Class President 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Track 1; Bible Study 4; Band 1; Arts and Crafts 3, 4.

*Luella is a bonnie lassie,  
Her ambition is to become a good waitress;  
She's bright, sharp, and sassy,  
But at school work she makes slow progress.*



### DOROTHY COLLEY

"Dot"

Class President 1; Drama 4; Basketball 3, 4; Softball 3, 4; Literary Editor of WHIRLPOOL 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 4; Class Secretary 3, 4; Class Treasurer 4; Chairman of Senior Fair 4; Bible Study 4; Arts and Crafts 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show 2.

*Dot is a winsome lass,  
Quick, and eternally gay;  
Dot's the Spirit of the Senior Class,  
For she hardly ever missed a day.*



### EDGAR DAUPHINEE

"Eddie"

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Minstrel 2; Class Secretary 1; Arts and Crafts 3; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4.

*Eddie, with his curly hair,  
Hardly ever with a care;  
Always willing to accept a dare,  
Eddie, you're a teachers' despair!*



### MADELINE GRANT

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board 3; Minstrel Show 2; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Drama 4; Softball 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Class Treasurer 3; Bible Study 3, 4; Coca-Cola Manager 3, 4; Candy Manager 3; Magazine Drive Business Manager 4.

*Here's to our Madeline,  
Always ready to do her part;  
Though we have her friendship,  
It's Channing who has her heart.*





ROLAND PAUL HUMPHREY, JR. "Hefty"

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 3; WHIRLPOOL Board 3; Track 1; Drama 4; Class Treasurer 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

*Hefty, could you tell us how  
You can sleep 15 hours every day?  
And could you also tell us how  
What's so fetching at Norway?*



MAE MADELYN MUZZY "Muzzie"

Class Secretary 1; Class Treasurer 3; Vice President 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board 3; Basketball 4; Softball 4; Minstrel Show 2.

*Muzzie is a dancing doll,  
She's a nice crooner, too;  
And if you hear some music call,  
She'll be there before you.*



RUTH EVELYN SMITH "Ruthie"

Transferred from Denmark High 3. Basketball 3, 4. Captain of Basketball 4; Track 3, 4; Drama 4; Chairman of Senior Fair 4; Freshman Reception Committee 3; WHIRLPOOL Board 3; Softball 3, 4; Class President 4; Bible Study 3, 4; Arts and Crafts 3, 4; Captain of Magazine Drive 4; Cheerleader 3; Candy Manager 4; Vice-President of Glee Club 4; Glee Club 3, 4.

*May the skies be bright above her,  
Ruth, of our Pennell days;  
None know her, but to love her,  
None name her, but to praise.*



## SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The class of "42" returned to Pennell this fall minus two members, leaving a grand total of seven "dignified seniors." The main room would have looked much larger if we hadn't had the five P. G.'s to help fill it.

We elected Madeline Grant to represent us in the Student Council and chose the following class officers: Ruth Smith, President; Mae Muzzy, Vice-President; Dorothy Colley, Secretary and Treasurer.

In spite of our small class, we have been prominent in extra curricular activities. Three senior girls were on the regular basketball team—Dorothy Colley, Mae Muzzy, and Ruth Smith. Badminton, volleyball, and softball were played and enjoyed by all.

We were terribly disappointed because we couldn't take our annual trip to Washington, but Mr. Richards introduced a good substitute. He suggested we go to Boston for a few days. To secure money for our Boston Trip and graduation, we sold chances on defense stamps, had the annual Senior Fair, and reaped a good reward on our Class Play.

In United States History Class is the only time at which we are all together (at one time there were only three of us). Even if the class of "42" is small, every one of us is proud of it; and as graduation rapidly approaches, we get a strange feeling deep down inside. Nevertheless, we are all looking forward to graduation, but soon it will be all over; and no matter what vocation we choose, we shall always owe our success to the superb training we received at Pennell.

RUTH SMITH.

## SENIOR PLAY

### "A Pair of Country Kids"

On November 27th and 28th the Senior Class presented the play, "A Pair of Country Kids," a three-act comedy.

The characters were as follows:

Mrs. Sarah Starr (proprietress of the Starr House) .....	Madeline Grant
April Starr (her daughter) .....	Ruth Smith
Philip West (a young lawyer) .....	Martin Lashua
"Sis" Spooner (maid at the Starr House) .....	Colleen Blake
Lucindy Appleby (a husband-hunter) .....	Dorothy Colley
Susan Grimes (after a second husband) .....	Mae Muzzy
"Hi" Hawkins (the village pest) .....	Robert Purinton
Ambrose Sneggins (a horse doctor) .....	Roland Humphrey
Arthur Roberts (a guest at the Starr House) .....	Arnold Hall
Albert Roomer (another guest) .....	Harold Cooper

"A Pair of Country Kids" takes place in a humdrum little town at Joggins Junction. Mrs. Starr conducts the Starr Hotel, and all the action takes place there. Lucindy Appleby is looking for hus-

band number one, and Susan Grimes is looking for husband number two. Hi Hawkins and Sis Spooner are a typical pair of country kids in love. Philip West, a young lawyer, is in love with April, Mrs. Starr's daughter. There is much trouble about "oily water," but everything turns out all right—Roomer is outwitted because of the worthless check Susan gives him. Lucindy finally accepts the heart of Ambrose, the local horse doctor, who has been wooing her for fifteen years. Susan is still left looking for a man. Much of the success of the play we owe to the juniors and sophomores who helped us produce it.

RUTH SMITH.

### JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior class launched into its third year at Pennell with an enrollment of eleven students, but when noses were counted for a second time, we found we had only ten pupils. The eleventh left us during November.

At our first class meeting we elected the following officers:

<i>President</i> .....	MILO CUMMINGS
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	GILES CARR
<i>Secretary</i> .....	SHIRLEY KUCH
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MARTIN LASHUA
<i>Class Adviser</i> .....	MISS REID

To represent us on the Student Council we chose Jeanne Smith and Arnold Hall.

In girls' sports was Jeanne Smith, who starred on the Softball team and also on the Basketball team. In boys' sports more Juniors participated. Earle Wilson, Milo Cummings, and Martin Lashua were on the first team for Basketball, while Arnold Hall and Giles Carr were substitutes. Arnold Hall took part in Track.

Martin Lashua and Arnold Hall took part in the Senior Drama. Milo Cummings, trumpeter, is our sole representative in the Orchestra this year.

When we enter Pennell next September as Seniors, we hope to accomplish more than we did this year.

SHIRLEY KUCH.

### SOPHOMORE ACTIVITIES

On September ninth, twenty-two of us who were formerly Freshmen entered the Sophomore Room to become sophisticated Sophomores. However, our number is now reduced to twenty.

After this lively class got settled, we elected the following class officers: President, Clifford Purinton; Vice-President, Walter Stewart; Secretary, Merilyn Cole; Treasurer, Norma Humphrey. Then we elected Robert Purinton and Colleen Blake as the Student Council Members.

The members of the class who are in the Orchestra are Marilyn Cole, pianist; Harold Cooper, drummer; and Ethel Tripp, clarinetist.

In Glee Club we have more students showing a musical interest. The members are Marilyn Cole, Gloria Grant, Peggy Small, Ethel Tripp, Shirley Purinton, Emily Maxwell, Norma Humphrey, Marion Thompson, and Colleen Blake.

In sports we have had quite a few show interest. First, there was Softball for the girls in the fall. They played two games, one with Cape Elizabeth and one with Greely. The girls who were on the team are Janice Doughty, Shirley Purinton, Ethel Tripp, Emily Maxwell, Betty Atwood, and Colleen Blake. In the fall the boys played Football and almost all the Sophomores participated.

The next sport was Basketball, including both girls' and boys'. The girls who came out for practice were Betty Atwood, Emily Maxwell, Ethel Tripp, Shirley Purinton, Norma Humphrey, and Colleen Blake. Those who played on the team were Emily Maxwell, Ethel Tripp, Shirley Purinton, and Colleen Blake. The boys who played were Robert Purinton, Walter Stuart, and Harold Cooper.

Along with the arrival of spring we have the annual boys' track meet. The boys from our class coming out for practice are Harold Cooper, Robert Purinton, and Clifford Purinton.

The last part of October the Seniors had a "try out" for the roles in their drama, "A Pair of Country Kids." When the drama was presented on the stage we recognized as prominent members of the cast three Sophomores: Robert Purinton, as Hi Hawkins, the village pest; Harold Cooper, as A. Roomer, a guest at the Starr House; and Colleen Blake, as Sis Spooner, maid-of-all-work at the Starr House. All tried their best to keep the audience laughing and all of us enjoyed helping the Seniors present the drama.

Now the committees for the booths are busily planning. The committee for the girls' booth, Prize Cake and Guessing the Number of Beans in a Jar, is Gloria Grant, Betty Atwood, and Colleen Blake. The boys have a Fortune Telling booth; Robert Purinton and Harold Cooper are in charge of it. Clifford Purinton is in charge of the Penny Pitch booth.

The class has five students who are taking First Aid at the course Doctor Beck is teaching for the students. They are: Gloria Grant, Ethel Tripp, Marilyn Cole, Shirley Purinton, and Colleen Blake.

The Sophomore Class had one calamity befall us when our class adviser and leader, Mr. Record, left us to help Uncle Sam

in his great need, but now Mr. Timberlake has become acquainted with us and is carrying on very successfully in his place.

One of Mr. Timberlake's hardest jobs is keeping the active Sophomores quiet. However, next year we shall return again to continue another year at Pennell. We shall try our best to become better students, citizens, and Americans.

COLLEEN BLAKE.

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### FRESHMAN ACTIVITIES

The class of '45 started with an enrollment of twenty-one pupils. Because of some entries and withdrawals our class now numbers twenty.

At our first class meeting we elected the following officers:

*President* ..... CARLTON SKILLING  
*Vice-President* ..... NATHAN PAUL  
*Secretary* ..... ALTA GOFF  
*Treasurer* ..... JAMES POLLARD  
*Class Adviser* ..... MISS PILLSBURY

For our Student Council Representatives we elected Richard Prince and Doris McDonald.

The girls in the Freshman class who went out for sports were Alta Goff, Norma Barker, Carley Crommett, and Doris McDonald. Alta Goff, Carley Crommett, and Doris McDonald were substitutes on the Basketball team.

The boys who went out for sports were Carlton Skilling, James Pollard, Nathan Paul, and John Pollard. We are proud to mention that one boy from the Freshman class, Carlton Skilling, was a regular member of the Varsity Basketball Team. Nathan Paul, James Pollard, and John Pollard were substitutes.

Only one member from the Freshman class, Alta Goff, was in the Orchestra.

On October 1, 1941, the Freshman Reception was given by the Sophomore class. The Sophomores had us all rather worried before it began, but a good time was enjoyed by all those who attended.

We of the Freshman class find that our year has been pleasant though perhaps we have not been outstanding in school activities. Now we are looking forward to next year and to our return as Sophomores.

DORIS McDONALD.



#### STUDENT COUNCIL

*Back row, left to right: Arnold Hall, Jeanne Smith, Doris McDonald, Richard Prince.*  
*Front row, left to right: Madeline Grant, Robert Purinton, Colleen Blake.*

#### STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council for this year had its first meeting September nineteenth. At this meeting we found the representatives from the Freshman Class to be Doris McDonald and Richard Prince; Sophomores, Colleen Blake and Robert Purinton; Juniors, Jeanne Smith and Arnold Hall; Senior, Madeline Grant. We elected the following officers: President, Madeline Grant; Vice-President, Robert Purinton; Secretary, Colleen Blake; Treasurer, Jeanne Smith; and Publicity Agent, Arnold Hall.

So far this year the Council has conducted the Roller Skating Party, obtained order in the hall and on the stairs, seen that the school grounds were kept picked up by the different classes, kept the walls clean in the hall, taken charge of study periods, sold Athletic Tickets, conducted Fire Drills, and arranged a First Aid Class to be taught for the students. There was one special event the Council had charge of. The sixth of February the Student



Council took over the teachers' places for the day. Each member had charge of a class, teaching the subject all period with no aid from the teachers. The day was a success and everyone enjoyed it.

In November the Student Council Members went to Augusta for the annual meeting there. All the Student Council Members in the state were present. At this meeting we discussed different problems and talked with other members. One of our members, Arnold Hall, led an interesting discussion on "Student Finance." We brought back many new ideas and are practicing some of them.

The Student Council has tried to raise the standards of the school and promote responsibility on the part of the students. We feel that we have fulfilled many of our responsibilities successfully, and we shall try the rest of this year to do our best at becoming better students and Americans.

COLLEEN BLAKE.

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### ARTS AND CRAFTS

This year more students are taking Arts and Crafts. They have been doing various things, such as wood burning, wood carving, finger painting, needlework, knitting bags, making wastebaskets, book-ends, and crepe paper mats.

These projects are very interesting to the students, and some will, if continued outside of school, make interesting hobbies.

Arts and Crafts not only gives the student new ideas for projects, but also helps him to give expression to original ones.

LUELLA BOYD.



#### ORCHESTRA

*Back row, left to right: Harold Cooper, Mr. Richards (director), Milo Cummings.*

*Front row, left to right: Marilyn Cole, Ethel Tripp, Alta Goff.*

#### ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra this year is handicapped by the loss of many of its members through graduation last June. Had it not been for the Post Graduates, Neal Merrill and Philip Kupelian, it is doubtful if we would have had an Orchestra.

The personnel this year consists of the following: accordion, Philip Kupelian; clarinet, Ethel Tripp; trumpets, Neal Merrill and Milo Cummings; drums, Alta Goff and Harold Cooper; piano, Marilyn Cole; director, Mr. Richards.

The Pennell Glee Club and Orchestra will combine this year in a recital in the last of May. The Glee Club will sing a few numbers and the Orchestra will play. There will be solos played by Neal Merrill, Milo Cummings, Philip Kupelian, and Marilyn Cole.

MERILYN COLE, '44.



#### GLEE CLUB

*Back row, left to right:* Marilyn Cole, Colleen Blake, Elizabeth Stetson, Geraldine Pollard, Miss Pillsbury, Alta Goff, Gloria Grant, Peggy Small, Marion Thompson.

*Middle row, left to right:* Norma Humphrey, Emily Maxwell, Ethel Tripp, Ruth Smith, Catherine McDonald, Doris McDonald, Shirley Purinton.

*Front row, left to right:* George Lashua, Clifford Purinton, Kenneth Sayward, Martin Lashua, Arnold Hall, Milo Cummings, Walter Nason, Robert Purinton, Irving Verrill.

#### GLEE CLUB

We started Glee Club this year with an enrollment of twenty-seven students. Since then the enrollment has slowly decreased to seventeen.

The officers elected were as follows:

*President* ..... CATHERINE McDONALD

*Vice-President* ..... RUTH SMITH

*Secretary* ..... GLORIA GRANT

So far we have participated in the Christmas Pageant, and we have sung in church. Now we are practicing the new songs for our Spring Entertainment.

Glee Club has been under the supervision of Miss Pillsbury.

CATHERINE McDONALD.

### GIRLS' VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

This is the third year that we have had vocational guidance. This year the instructors are Miss Pillsbury for the Freshmen and the Sophomores, and Miss Reid for the Juniors and the Seniors.

The class meets every Friday morning from 8:35 to 9:00.

The Freshmen and Sophomores have had as the basis of their discussions, vocations, personality, etiquette, and case problems. At various times, members of the class have volunteered to lead the discussion and to give demonstrations.

The Juniors and Seniors have given reports on the vocations in which they are interested. They have practiced interviewing, and applying for positions by letter.

We have been fortunate too in having outside speakers. Among them have been three girls from Farmington Normal School, Miss Humphrey, Miss Russell, and Miss Meader, one of our practice teachers. Miss Cooper spoke to us on business courses. The groups also were privileged to hear Miss Mary Sawyer talk about nursing as a vocation, and now we are looking forward to hearing Mrs. Healy from Westbrook Junior College.

ETHEL TRIPP, '43.

### BOYS' VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

This year marks the third time that we have benefited from this helpful instruction and the students have as much enthusiasm for it now as at its beginning.

All classes have discussed "case problems" in which student is given the opportunity to express his own opinion, thus making a very interesting discussion.

The Freshmen boys, under the direction of Mr. Richards, have studied orientation in school and personality development.

The Sophomore boys, with Mr. Record as supervisor until February, when Mr. Timberlake took his place, have also discussed etiquette and its many rules of conduct, thus helping instruct the individual how to behave in different company.

The Juniors and Seniors have spent the year together with Mr. Freeman. Besides the case problems we have done research work on various occupations, each making a report on his desired vocation to the class.

We have had many interesting class discussions, and we realize that these half-hour periods every Friday morning will be helpful in the future when we have finished High School.

ARNOLD M. HALL, '43.



## SOCIAL CALENDAR

September 2—Opening Day. However, school was postponed for one week while necessary repairs were being finished.

September 9—School finally began with Miss Reid replacing Miss Knight, Miss Pillsbury replacing Miss Spencer, and Mr. Freeman replacing Mr. Loiko. New seats in the Main Room, and *Everyone* was trying them out.

September 17—Day off for Cumberland County Fair.

September 24—Banking begins. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

October 1—Freshman Reception. A lot of *scared* Freshmen creeping around the school building.

October 21—Teachers' Convention. Oh-oh! New ideas.

October 28—The Bible Class went on a movie party. They also visited Ken MacKenzie's Program at Radio Station WGAN.

October 30—Mr. Kempton, from Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., gave his annual interesting talk.

November 3—Roller Skating Party at Lewiston.

November 4—Back from Roller Skating. Mr. Freeman suffering from many sore limbs and a broken watch!

November 19—Cumberland County Power & Light Demonstration.  
November 20—Thanksgiving Day.

November 21—Day off. Ow-w-w. Our poor stomachs!

November 27 and 28—Senior Drama, "A Pair of Country Kids." An exceptionally fine success, with Miss Pillsbury coaching, and "Hi" Purinton and "Sis" Blake stealing the show.

November 29—State Student Council Meeting at Augusta. Arnold Hall led a discussion group on Student Finance. All that went had an interesting time, except for having certain minor difficulties with the car, chauffeured by Neal Merrill.

December 18—Christmas Pageant. Swell time had by all. Fine Glee Club singing.

December 19 to January 5—Christmas Vacation.

January 9—Student Council spent Gym Period and the noon-hour at Mr. Richards' home. We understand that they had swell eats (so Bob P. relates, anyhow). Everybody's wishing that he had been elected to the Student Council.

January 30—County Teachers' Convention. What now?

February 6—Another example of the efficiency of the Student Council. They replaced *all* teachers today. (Confidentially, they did so well, we never missed the teachers!)

February 13—Everyone weeping, sighing, and moaning today. Mr. Record has left us to help out Uncle Sam. We know we'll win the war Now!

February 15—Glee Club sang in Church. Ruth Smith presented a special prayer, Ethel Tripp gave the Scripture Lesson, and Neal Merrill led the responsive reading.

February 16—No school. Registration Day. Wonder if any teachers will have to sign up.

February 17—Mr. Timberlake arrived today to replace Mr. Record. Low attendance—everyone hating to resume school work.

February 18—Full attendance. Everyone beaming. Who wouldn't, after meeting Mr. Timberlake.

February 20 to March 2—One week of Vacation.

March 2—School reopened with Measles' Victims back.

March 13—Bible Class migrates to Portland again to the movies.

March 19—Juniors go on a long postponed trip to the movies.

March 20—Juniors back again. Those that saw *Frankenstein's Ghost* still look scared.

April 10—Senior Fair and Annual Athletic Banquet. A great success.

The dates for the Annual Concert, Trustee and Faculty Supper, and the Home Economics and Manual Training Exhibition have not been announced at the time of printing.

May 23—School Picnic.

May 31—Baccalaureate.

June 5—Graduation Day, Senior Reception.

# Literary

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(A contest was held this year for poems, short stories, and book reports. Prizes were one dollar for the best of each. The Judges were: Miss Pillsbury, Mr. Timberlake, Shirley Kuch, and Arnold Hall.)

## BROUGHT BACK FROM THE LAND BEYOND

(Winner of the Short-Story Prize)

Wayne Kensworthy was speeding along Highway 29 with no set destination after being jilted by his fiancée, June Stewart.

Wayne had been driving for about twenty-four hours without sleep. The rain and fog on this night was almost unbearable. The drone of the motor for so many hours was making Wayne sleepy. His eyes blinked shut often, and his body was beginning to relax. Then the car swerved and crashed through the guard rail over an embankment.

The wind blew in through the cracked and broken windshield. The boy was unconscious with a stream of blood flowing from his left temple.

Wayne moaned as in his unconscious state he entered the land beyond.

On a dark, open moor he stood, the moon high above him. As he looked about, he saw dry barren land and jagged rocks. Ahead of him was a signpost with two arrows pointing in opposite directions. On one side were the words, "The Land Beyond," on the other were the words, "The Way Back."

Wayne thought, "Why should I go back? June has jilted me. Is there anything else to live for?"

A cold wind was blowing toward "The Land Beyond," as Wayne turned and walked for what seemed ages; but as he walked the pain seemed to grow less and less.

Then directly in front of him, sitting on a rock, was an old man, similar to the representations of Father Time.

He looked straight at Wayne and said, "My son, are you going to give up life without a fight?"

"What is there to fight for?" Wayne asked.

The old man shook his head sadly and said, "I'll tell you, son. I made the same decision when I was your age. This has been my work ever since. I repented, for I miss the seasons and the beautiful landscape. I miss working hard, then having good hot meals.



And sleep each night in a warm bed. I miss the snow and the rain. It's dull here, son. It's always as it is now—lonesome and desolate and cold. It's not too late, son, turn back."

"How can I thank you for showing me the light?" he said, turning to look in the direction of "The Way Back."

"Just make it, son, fight and make it."

These words Wayne mumbled over and over as he regained consciousness. His head was pounding, and he used all his strength to open the car door. He crawled out onto the wet embankment, lying there with his face pressed against the wet sand.

His period of unconsciousness had rested him somewhat, and he awakened feeling a little stronger. The rain felt cool on his feverish face.

Somehow he climbed to the top of the embankment, looking both ways for the headlights of a car. The blood still flowed from his temple, and it was draining his strength away. Suddenly Wayne collapsed, his head leaning against one of the white guard-posts on Highway 29.

About a half hour later, pretty Maybelle Prince's headlights shone on Wayne's prone form.

Maybelle's brakes screeched, and the car came to a stop. Maybelle jumped out and ran to his side. She managed to half carry and half drag Wayne to her car, and then with all her strength she lifted him to the seat. Maybelle turned the car around and headed back on Highway 29 toward Centralville.

The fog had lifted and the rain had ceased, and Maybelle could see the lights of Centralville. She took Wayne to Centralville Hospital and waited through the night for the report of his condition.

Wayne woke up in a clean bed. His eyes focused on the ceiling, then the window, and finally on the foot of his bed where he saw a pretty brunette, her blue eyes smiling.

"I'm Maybelle Prince," she said.

Wayne smiled back saying, "I made it."

"Yes, you made it."

After a long period of convalescence, during which Maybelle visited Wayne frequently, they became good friends. And even better than good friends, for they are planning to marry.

Wayne often teases Maybelle by saying, "Remind me to tell you of 'The Land Beyond'."

JEANNE SMITH, '43.

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### A HAUNTED HOUSE

(Second Best)

The rain was coming down very hard and fast by now, and darkness was closing in. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled in the distance. Just then, in a flash of lightning, we saw an old,

dilapidated house. We ran around to the back, hoping to find a way to get in where it was dry.

There was a broken-down door which we climbed over to gain entrance. No need to knock here. How dark it was inside. Our matches went out as they were lighted one after another. It certainly was drafty.

After our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, we started looking around. At one time it must have been a very nice house, but now it was all down in ruins.

Having completed our inspection of the first floor, we naturally started up the stairs. As we were about half-way to the top, we heard an eerie cry. We stopped dead in our tracks. What was it? Was there someone or something else in the house besides us?

However, everything became quiet again, so we continued on our way. Suddenly, when we reached the head of the stairs, another long-drawn howl came to our ears. Out of the darkness shone two fiery red eyes! What was it! What was it! We clung to each other too paralyzed to move. Then we heard a soft meow, meow, and to our great surprise and relief found it was only a tiny little kitten who, like ourselves, had come into the house for shelter from the storm.

CARLTON J. SKILLING, '45.

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### THERE'S A LONG, LONG NIGHT!

This story is dedicated to those boys of the 103rd Infantry's Service Company, who made this story possible.

SHIRLEY M. KUCH.

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This is the story of the trip made by the Service Company, 103rd Infantry, Camp Blanding, Florida, through Devil's Swamp. It is also the story of one night in the war maneuvers of the United States Army in North Carolina.

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It was on a Friday night, about 6:15 P. M., when the order came to move out. Dusk was settling in quickly, and, as we were at war, all vehicles had to move without lights, a total blackout. We were bivouacked sixteen miles north of Gorum, four miles south of the Red River, and we had to move thirty-six miles north to Provencal. The Blue Army, to which we belonged, had advanced one hundred and thirty-five miles in three days, and now we had to move up close enough to feed the men.

We were the field train, comprising the kitchens of the 103rd Infantry. We stayed from five to fifteen miles behind the front, depending on the condition of the land and the cover afforded

near the roads. All points have to be taken into consideration. The reconnaissance officer had gone ahead and picked out a spot. Now he had returned and was going to lead us to the area he had chosen.

We started out on a dirt road (Louisiana State Highway No. 49) toward our goal, a patch of woods about a hundred yards off the road, four miles north of Provencal. The dust floated upward from the tires of the trucks like smoke from a great forest fire and made it impossible for one to see the tiny pinpoints of the blackout lights on the truck ahead. We were on our own, guessing where the road was and trying to stay in it.

Proceeding north to the Red River, we found, much to our dismay, that the bridge had been blown up, and that we must ford the river if we were to reach our destination.

From the bank to the water was a drop of about sixty feet, and the angle of the incline was nearly  $70^{\circ}$ . To make it we had to put the trucks in the lowest speed and "ride the brake." Many of the trucks were towing trailers, and they had to be pulled up the north bank and into the road. It took us nearly two hours to get all twenty-seven of our trucks across, and it was after ten o'clock when we finally got started again.

We crawled along at our snail's pace of about seven to ten miles per hour until we were stopped by a barricade. There the guards told us that the Red Army had a battalion of tanks advancing along that road, and we would have to turn back.

But there were 2,500 men up ahead who hadn't eaten since morning. After contemplating the situation, we turned east and struck out across country to the next road. We were only a half hour finding it, and then we continued on our way. After we had gone a few miles more we struck another barricade and heard the same story as before. We were at a loss. 2,500 men were cut off from their food. No one knew how we would get to them.

Finally (about 11:30) we found an old, unused, logging road and started over it. We met a native and asked him to guide us through to Provencal, but he said nobody had been over that road for six years. However, we intended going through it then.

We didn't get very far before we struck the swamp. Dense? We never saw a place so thick in our lives! If the dust was bad, this was terrible. We sent men on ahead with flashlights and axes to help us through. Very soon we struck a mudhole and had to fill it in with brush and logs so that we could cross it. Then we continued for about a hundred yards over soggy ground, through shallow water, and deep swamp grass, and came suddenly upon a deep bayou. The men went to work felling trees to improvise a bridge. It wasn't the best bridge in Louisiana, but it would have

to do. All drivers were warned to proceed with utmost caution, as one slip would mean not only a wrecked truck and a bath for the men, but also possible serious injury. Flashlights covered with blue cellophane were trained on the bridge as we started across. After a lot of hard work and many tense moments of breath-taking skids, all of the trucks were across. Two trailers slid over the edge, but we managed to get them ashore.

And then, while we were getting ready to move again, we knew the reason why nobody had been through Devil's Swamp. The boys had killed a water moccasin and a diamond-back-rattler as the trucks were crossing the bayou. From then on we stepped with more caution, and no less fear.

By this time, too, the mosquitoes and swamp flies were going to work in reliefs. Drive away one and five would come to take his place. Everything seemed to be going against us, but we were soon moving on again.

We traveled on and on—building bridges, towing through mud holes, winding snake-like through the trees. Once in a while we'd get a glimpse of the moon through the thick foliage. A slight breeze sifted through the leaves and made weird music in the night to lend wings to our imaginations and add prestige to our honor. We saw many more snakes, a few baby alligators, and millions of mosquitoes, as well as countless imaginary beings that were so rudely scaring all of us. But still we went on. There were none of the usual grumblings, none of the usual complaints. No one mentioned the lack of sleep or overwork, though all had good reason to. We had a tough job to finish, and every man was doing his best, giving his all. Each man had a part to play, and was playing it well.

All through that long, endless night, we pushed on. Minutes seemed like hours; hours like years. At times it seemed as if we couldn't stay awake a second longer, couldn't move an inch farther. Our muscles ached from the terrific strain we had forced upon them; our heads throbbed from the constant repeating of "We've got to get through. We can do it." Our nerves were on edge. Nobody was speaking. Nobody was smoking. Nobody was laughing or joking.

On into the inky blackness we moved. Suddenly we came into a clearing. The ground was soggy, muddy, but it was only a hundred yards to firm land, and only a quarter of a mile to the road—only six miles to Provencal!

The sun had started its daily march across the sky when the last truck had reached the road. We had been nearly six hours crossing that four-mile stretch of waste. While the men rested, the captain went ahead to see if it was all right for us to move up.

As he walked to the General and saluted, he said that the kitchen was ready to be used to feed the men. The General ordered him to bring up the train, but cautioned him to return through Gorum, as it was the only way to come there without being captured, unless, of course, one went through the swamp. This last the General declared impossible, because eleven other regiments had said the swamp was "absolutely impossible."

"General Wing," replied the Captain, "you should have told me that yesterday. We have just come through "Devil's Swamp" and are only two miles back now. Shall we move up at once?"

The General was astounded, speechless. Finally he managed, "Damn it! The 103rd Service Company is always gumming up the works! Here eleven different regiments say it is impossible to cross the swamp, and you turn around and do it. Won't you ever learn that when a thing is impossible it can't be done? You've been contradicting officers by accomplishing the impossible all through this war."

"But I'm proud of you for it, Captain. Proud of your company and every man in it. Carry on!"

The Captain saluted and went back after the kitchens. They were moved up and the men were fed.

But there is no rest for the weary. An order came through to move on another twelve miles. This time it was all on the road, though. This time the boys were smoking, talking, laughing, and yes, even singing, and well they might. They had done a good job, and their only reward had been the satisfaction of knowing they had done something nobody else could do.

(Some of the boys were kicking, and they had a very good reason to kick. Wouldn't you, if you had to hold a ten-gallon can of gas while it emptied into the tank? They could have at least furnished gas tanks!)

THE END.

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### "RED BROWN" — STAR REPORTER

The hair on Tom Brown's crimson head was standing on end as he stomped out of the *Morning Times* Building. It was enough to make anyone mad. What if he had had two years' Journalistic Training—it was supposed to help you out—but to the *Times'* manager, it was a hindrance. Hadn't he, the world-wide known "News" Clark, started as an errand boy?

With a roar, Tom's car sped along the highway, away from the city square, towards the Smith mansion. He might as well go through with it. Clark had said if he didn't make a good report on this society party, he might as well give up reporting. Well, I'll show him sometime, Tom promised himself.

With a harsh, protesting screech of the tires he turned into the Smiths' driveway and came to an abrupt stop near the house. From his coupe he could see Lindy coming down the long porch that ran the length of the house. As she neared, he could see that she was frowning. With a "What's the matter, dear?" he joined her.

"Let's go up by the tennis court," murmured Lindy, "I have some bad news for us."

"Is it about your mother? Is she—?"

"Yes," cut in Lindy, "she insists that I keep away from you, for she thinks that you'll never succeed. You will have to make good at the paper."

With an abrupt "Oh," Tom sat down in one of the nearby lawn chairs and tried to steady himself. "If she'd only believe in me as you do, but my first—and maybe last—assignment is to cover this party."

\* \* \*

Inside the mansion the party was in full swing. The orchestra was trying its best to make itself heard over the noises of the crowd. This was indeed one of the most important parties of the year. Millionaires, Dukes, Duchesses, Princes, Princesses, and the latest and fastest crowd of New York. Diamonds were shining, and the tinkle of glasses and laughter filled the air.

As Tom entered the ballroom, he couldn't help thinking what a nice chance it was for someone to make a big "haul." Looking around the room, he carefully noted the Prince and Princess Belgrande of France, the Duke and Duchess of Astria, Mr. and Mrs. Daughton Wilson-Smith, Lindy's parents, and many others who were listed in the "Blue-Book."

Later that evening, trying to drown his misery in champagne as he watched Lindy associating with the others, he witnessed a curious sight. The Duke and the Prince had their heads together, an odd thing for royalty to do. Then after a short while, they silently drifted back to their tables.

Suddenly the lights went out!! A shrill scream rang throughout the room. Then as swiftly as they went out, the lights went on again. Everyone stared at one another for a moment, then Mrs. Wilson-Smith shrieked, "My jewels! They're gone!! Oh!" And she fainted.

Tom made a quick search and found that no one had left the room. With a sudden blast the orchestra started playing again. Tom looked up quickly. All the players were there—yet something was wrong. Then suddenly he noticed that the band leader whose hair was usually slicked down smooth was mussed up slightly, but that could have happened any time—probably got too "hep" on the last tune and Tom dismissed the thought from his mind immediately.

When the police arrived at the request of Lindy, they found that the diamond bauble Mrs. Wilson-Smith had been wearing—the only one of its kind in the United States—was gone. With the police, another reporter was sent to cover the news that Tom rightfully deserved.

Tom saw red for an instant. Then he made up his mind that if he could break this case the manager would have to recognize his abilities.

Next morning he went to see "News" to ask if he could be assigned to cover the jewel robbery, after turning in a report of the party. But he was laughed out of the office and assigned to cover the next social gathering, to be held that night. Tom was mad, but he figured that he might as well go for he might be able to uncover some new clues.

When he entered the dance hall, he noted that about the same crowd was present. In the midst Mrs. Van Jones was seated, wearing a huge sparkling sapphire ring that sent its blue rays towards the ceiling, in direct defiance of what had happened the night before.

Shortly after the orchestra started playing, Tom noticed that it was the same one that played the night before. It must be making the rounds at the parties, probably because it played such good music.

"Now that's peculiar," mused Tom, for he saw the Prince and the Duke together again. Later he noticed that they had separated.

Abruptly the room was plunged into darkness as the lights went out. A cry, "My finger," was heard. Tom tried to hurry over to where the voice came from, but everybody tried to grab him, each shouting that he had the thief. When the lights went on, everybody was holding onto his neighbor.

Sure enough, Mrs. Van Jones' ring was missing. This was indeed a mystery. Two nights in a row. Tom hurried to a phone and called his paper to tell the story.

"Well, well," sarcastically snorted the manager, "so you finally found some news—maybe *you* can solve the mystery! Ha, Ha! !"

Tom's ears were as crimson as his hair when he entered the dance hall and went to his table. Hearing a rustling noise he glanced up and saw Lindy approaching. With a quick movement he was up on his feet and had drawn out a chair for her.

"Did you notice how mussed the orchestra leader's hair is? Probably got too hot on the last tune," she laughed. "Tom," she murmured, "What are we going to do? The police don't seem to make much progress."

"You aren't going to do anything!" quickly replied Tom, "but I—"

"No you aren't either, and if I can't I'll never speak to you again," sharply asserted Lindy.

"But—oh well," groaned Tom, "if you must. Listen! I have an idea." And Tom went on to reveal a plan to catch the thieves at the party to be held the following night.

\* \* \*

The next morning after he had turned in his report to the editor, he went to see "News" to find out what his assignments were. When he purposely asked to cover the party at the Dewberry's the manager laughed and wise-cracked, "Oh, so you like it, eh? Well, "Red," maybe you think you can catch the thieves! Ha, Ha! !"

Tom smiled to himself as he hurried out of the building—such good luck, if all went well he'd show them.

About the same group, even the same orchestra, were present, Tom noted, and in the midst of all sat Lindy with a blue diamond pendant around her neck, surprisingly similar to that of her Mother's, as had been planned the night before.

When he saw the Prince and the Duke conversing again, Tom felt of the flashlight in his pocket and slowly drifted towards Lindy. As suddenly as before, the lights went out. Then a cry, "Tom, oh Tom—now!" rang out and Tom rushed forth bringing his flashlight beam upon Lindy. Struggling with her was the orchestra leader.

Tom leaped forward, and after a few minutes of tough slugging, he finally subdued the thief.

In the orchestra leader's hand was the diamond.

Although the police gave him the third degree, he wouldn't tell what had happened to the other priceless jewels.

Tom went to see "News" the next morning. "Red," he grumbled, "you'll make a good society editor, but lay off this detective stuff, and let someone *experienced* cover it."

"But," interrupted Tom, "I think that the police have only uncovered a small part of a nation-wide gang of jewel thieves, and if you'll let me—"

"Well, it's your life—not mine," contended "News," "but as far as a bunch of nation-wide crooks—that's bunk. However, go to it—and if you do find something, let someone else handle it."

Tom left the building quickly and started uptown. He was at last going to follow up one of his hunches by paying a visit to the Duke of Astria.

Quietly, he went up the marble steps to the Duke's suite. As he silently walked down the long corridor, he heard a rumble of voices from one of the nearby rooms. Near the suite he halted and tried to catch a few words from inside.



A clear, soprano voice was saying, ". . . but it was all a mistake! How could we know that that noisy reporter and that smart society dame had set a trap for . . ." and the rest quieted down so that he couldn't hear them.

Suddenly, a flash of pain seared through Tom's brain, and darkness fell over him.

"Aha," a rough-looking bum murmured, "the boss will be glad to meet up wit dis guy."

Tom came to as he was dragged into the next room. When he opened his eyes he saw the Prince and Princess, and the Duke and Duchess—sneering at him.

"Well, Red," drawled the Prince, "it looks as though your curious nose got you in trouble this time."

"Not at all," retorted Tom, "this only proves my suspicions that you were in on the robberies."

"Where'd you get that nonsense?" laughed the Duke and then gasped, "Well, what if we were—none shall ever know, for *you* won't *ever* tell."

"What are we going to do with him, boys," snarled the Princess, "or are you going to be *nice* and let him choose his own fate?"

"Good idea, Princess," replied Duke. "How do *you* want to die, Red?"

Tom's mind quickly came to the rescue and he remembered that he had noticed Lindy following him. "Now if she actually was," thought Tom, "she must be near here—it's worth a try, anyhow." He loudly boasted, "You boys won't bother me—you're scared of me! You don't dare touch me, for if you do the whole *Times* force will be after you."

"Shut up!" snapped the Prince. "Just wait—you've had your last chance, now we are going to—"

The Prince was interrupted by the sound of a police whistle outside the door. "Open up in the name of the Law," rang clearly.

With a splintering crash the door burst open, and policemen rushed into the room, quickly grabbing the thieves.

"Nice work, Red," ventured "News" that afternoon. "It took a lot of courage for that—"

"But," interrupted Tom, "if it hadn't been for Lindy, I wouldn't be here now."

"That's what I was going to say before you stopped me," growled "News." "Besides, I understand that Lindy's folks aren't in favor of her marrying a no-good like you, and, well, I agree with them," gruffly grumbled "News." "Now for that work you have a small promotion—go to your new office, and you will find your next assignment on the desk."

Tom slowly pushed his way into his office, thinking that he probably had been promoted to Society Editor. Then as he passed through the door, he saw a paper addressed to "Red' Brown, Star Reporter." Tom was stunned for an instant, then grabbed a phone and cried, "Wait 'til I tell Lindy. I guess her mother will know me now!"

ARNOLD HALL, '43.

## BOOK REPORTS

### Alice Adams

*Author—Booth Tarkington.*

*Characters—*

Mr. Virgil Adams—the father of Alice Adams. He is a small man and has a very bad disposition.

Mrs. Adams—the mother of Alice. She is always nagging her husband. She is afraid that her daughter won't have the things that the other girls of the town have. She wants her husband to find a new job where he will get more money.

Alice Adams—She is rather a queer sort of girl. She tries to make her parents think that she is happy when she really isn't.

Walter Adams—Alice's brother. He works in the Drug Store where his father works. He is very seldom at home. He spends most of his evenings with his friends playing cards and gambling.

Mr. Russell—a very good friend of Alice's. He is a cousin of the Palmers, a rich family in town.

Mr. Lamb—the man whom Mr. Adams works for.

*Summary—*

As the story opens, Mr. Adams is just convalescing from a long illness. Previously he has been working in a drug store for Mr. Lamb, though Mrs. Adams is always suggesting that he find another job. She thinks, too, that Alice should have a better home and more clothes like those of the other girls in the town. Mr. Adams is very fond of Alice, because she is such a comfort to him.

Alice was not very popular with the girls around the town because she didn't have the money that they did. One night she and Walter were invited to a party. Walter didn't want to go, but she finally coaxed him into going. Alice didn't have a very good time that evening. Walter went off and left her without any partner. That evening while she was sitting there, a friend introduced her to Arthur Russell. She danced with him, and then she asked him to find her brother for her. He found him playing cards with some negroes. This embarrassed Alice very much because she didn't want her friend to know about her brother.

This, however, didn't stop their friendship. Then one evening Mr. Russell went to visit the Palmers, who were his cousins. They told him about the Adams family. They said that Mr. Adams was queer and poor. This did not please Mr. Russell because he liked Alice very much.

One evening Alice invited Mr. Russell to dinner. Things didn't go so well that evening. When Mr. Russell left that evening they both knew that they might never see each other again.

Meanwhile, Mr. Adams had left his job at the drug store and gone into the glue business. He had opened up a shop, and things were going good. Then Mr. Lamb opened up a glue shop right across the street.

About that time Walter disappeared. His parents found out that he had taken money from the store and had run away. This was a great shock to his parents.

Mr. Adams and Mr. Lamb had an argument over the glue shops. Mr. Adams was taken very ill again. Then Mr. Lamb bought Mr. Adams' glue shop.

While Mr. Adams was sick, Mrs. Adams and Alice took in boarders.

Then one day Alice started out to Frincke's Business College. She did not like the idea much, but she found out that she could do most anything if she had to. On her way she met her old friend Mr. Russell. He asked her if he could again come and see her. She knew then that nothing he had heard about Walter and her family had ever come between them.

CATHERINE McDONALD.

### The Mortal Storm

*Author—Phyllis Bottome.*

*Characters—*

Freya Roth—the daughter of Amélie Trattenback and her second husband, who was Jewish. She was studying to be a doctor as her father was.

Johann Roth—a doctor. He taught at a University where he was treated badly only because he was a Jew.

Amélie Roth—she used to be a Trattenback. She married a Jew and later suffered for it for she was a German. She had two children by her first marriage.

Rudi Roth—son of Amélie's second husband. The youngest in the family.

Rudolph von Röhn—the first husband of Amélie. He treated her very cruelly.

Olaf Röhn—son of Rudolph and Amélie. Olaf believed his father a very brave and decent man. Olaf was a Nazi and a very strict one.

Emil Röhn—the other son of the first marriage. Emil was also a Brown Shirt. He wasn't understood by his mother very well and never found out the reason for this until many years after.

Fritz Maberg—a friend of Olaf and Emil. It was in some way understood that Freya and Fritz should some day marry. Fritz was a Nazi also.

Sophie Maberg—a sister to Fritz. She and Olaf were expected to marry some day also.

Hans Breitner—the one and only lover Freya could ever possibly have. She loved him so much she made a terrible life for both herself and her family. Hans was very kind and loved Freya more than Life itself. A staunch Communist.

*Setting—*

Johann Roth is a professor at the University. Freya, his daughter, is studying for the same profession. The country was in turmoil. Nazis and Communists versus each other. Jews are prosecuted. As the book begins, Hitler is just trying to win the people over to Nazism. Gradually the freedom is lessened and finally they find themselves in dictatorship.

*Plot—*

Hans is shot. Freya is tempted to take her life. The home life is going corrupt. Johanna Roth is taken to a concentration camp. Fritz tries to get Freya to marry him and tries to force his love onto her.

*Conclusion—*

Freya finally goes out of Germany to study and tries to carry on as her father did. Seppel tries to get her to stay and marry him but Freya feels as if she owed her father her success, even though Seppel loves her very much. Emil, who Freya used to disagree with so often, is very nice to her and tells her what all the trouble is and aids her in escaping from Germany. Sophie marries Olaf and takes good care of Rudi.

*My Opinion—*

The contrasts in the German lives were amazing. How Hitler, with so few followers, gained possession so rapidly is interesting. I particularly like how she, Phyllis Bottome, explained about the life of the Communists. I enjoyed every minute that I was reading it.

RUTH E. SMITH, '42.

**DECEMBER SEVENTH**

(Winner)

December seventh when all was calm  
The Japs came down with no alarm,  
And in the air the planes were heard,  
They swooped and struck like preying birds.

The fliers came from all around  
And seeing the bombs falling to the ground,  
Ran to their ships and went in chase  
And gave those yellow men a race!

Then Captain Kelly in his ship  
Swooped down and scored the greatest hit  
In his "suicide dive," he gave his life  
Leaving to mourn, his son and wife.

So now, I think, and you do too,  
We should do the best that we can do  
By following Colin Kelly in his brave flight  
So we can keep burning Freedom's Light!

COLLEEN BLAKE, '44.

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**WHAT A NIGHT**

Some night this is going to be,  
If only for a minute I could see;  
Beyond that confounded door,  
Thought John as he paced the floor.  
If there was something I could do,  
If I only had some gum to chew;  
Can it be worth it, I am thinking,  
It's enough to drive a man to drinking.  
To think this happens in every hospital in the nation,  
I shouldn't wonder if every man had nervous prostration;  
Here comes my Doctor now,  
Mopping the sweat off his brow.  
Tell me, Doc, how's my wife, Pearl?  
What! You say we've got a girl?  
And your certain my Pearl's all right,  
That's swell, Doc, phew, what a night!

JEANNE SMITH, '43.

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**MOTHER**

Who gets up at break of dawn,  
To make the fire bright and warm?  
Who works all day and never complains,  
Whether it's clear or whether it rains?  
Who cares for you when you're not well,  
And keeps your secrets, never to tell?  
Who loves you better than no other,  
Of course you know, it's "Mother"!

SHIRLEY M. KUCH, '43.

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**A LITTLE BOY**

There was a little boy one day,  
Decided he would run away.  
No one loved him he felt sure,  
He would all hardships now endure.  
He walked along the road a way,  
Enjoying the air and the sun's bright ray.  
"This isn't bad at all," he thought,  
Till all at once his breath he caught.  
"Lobsters for dinner," he just recalled,  
Started running back and how he bawled.

MILO CUMMINGS, '43.





Francis Small: "What is green and purple, has four legs, and sings?"

Lee Mitchel: "Why, I don't know. What is it?"

Francis: "I don't know either. I just made up the riddle."

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Harold Cooper (at Track practice): "Did you take my time on the dash?"

Mr. Timberlake: "I didn't have to. You took it yourself."

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Miss Pillsbury (in World History): "Why are the Medieval Centuries called the Dark Ages?"

Ethel Tripp: "Because it was the Knight time."

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Edgar Dauphinee: "Miss Pillsbury, what is the difference between a cat and a comma?"

Miss Pillsbury: "I don't know; what is it?"

Eddie: "A cat has claws at the ends of his paws, but a comma is a pause at the end of a clause."

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Carlton Skilling: "Have you seen our ski jump?"

Shirley Kuch: "No, but I'd love to. Will he do it before strangers?"

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Nathan Paul: "If you had a fist like this, what would you do?"

Donald Strout: "Why, I'd wash it."

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Dorothy Colley: "I'm not as dumb as I look."

Mae Muzzy: "You couldn't be."

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Walter Stewart: "I see in the paper where men get bald because they use their brains too much."

Bob Purinton: "Yeh, women have no whiskers because they talk too much and don't give them a chance to grow."

Miss Reid: "Gloria, why do you have grease all over your face?"

G. Grant: "The recipe said, 'Grease your pan well before cooking.'"

Dorothy C.: "Yes, she was hanged in China."

Miss Pillsbury: "Shanghai?"

Dorothy: "No, not very."

Neal Merrill: "What's on the radio?"

Phil Kupelian: "Oh, just a little dust."

Jeanne S.: "Shirley, why don't you wear lipstick now?"

Shirley K.: "I'm still hunting for some that won't come off."

Catherine M.: "Ruth, do you like hamburg balls?"

Ruth Smith: "I don't think I ever attended one."

Mr. Richards (warning pupils against catching cold): "I had a small cousin seven years old and one day he took his sled and went sliding on the hill behind the house. In three days he caught pneumonia and died."

Silence for ten seconds.

Richard Small: "Where's his sled?"

Milo C.: "Did you hear the story about the woman who put water in her suitcase?"

Earle W.: "No, I haven't."

Milo C.: "I guess it hasn't leaked out yet."

Miss Pillsbury: "Nathan, did you take that note to Mr. Richards?"

Nate Paul: "Yes, but I don't think he can read it."

Miss Pillsbury: "Why not, Nathan?"

Nate P.: "Because I think he's blind. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

Carleton S.: "What have you got your stockings on wrong side out for?"

Jim Pollard: "My feet got hot so I turned the hose on them."



Arnold Hall (comparing the comforts of the home of Today with those of the past): "... and also they had dirt floors, which caused drafts and were not so comfortable to walk on."

Ruth Smith: "Dirt floors? How could they have dirt floors on the second floor?"

---

Mr. Record (in Physics class): "Richard, give the formula for water."

Richard Small: "H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Mr. Record: "But, I said to give me a formula!"

R. Small: "Well, you said H to O."

---

Miss Pillsbury (dictating): "Ten thousand saw I at a glance."

Bob Purinton: "How do you spell I?"

Miss Pillsbury: "I."

---

Mr. Timberlake (explaining a diagram in Biology on the blackboard): "Now, watch the board while I run through it once more."

---

Francis Small was trying to drive a nail into a wall when he remarked, "The fool who made this nail put the head on the wrong side."

Benard Doughty: "You're the fool, you're on the wrong side of the wall."



SPORTS



### INDOOR TRACK

This year we have a very small team, consisting of Harold Cooper, Clifford Purinton, Robert Purinton, Arnold Hall, Carlton Skilling, and John Pollard.

We got off to a late start this season since we had a lack of organized talent and a change in Track Coaches just before practice started.

Although we failed to score at the Triple C meet at Cape Elizabeth this year, we have gained some valuable experience and our talent should prove to be a threat to competing schools next year. This year has been similar to a practice season which has afforded us the necessary training and advantages to develop our talents.

## OUTDOOR TRACK

Last Spring we were fortunate in taking second place in the outdoor track meet of the Triple C. Those scoring on the team were Donald B. Hall, Donald F. Hall, Vernon Pollard, and Edgar Dauphinee.

At this meet, Harris Cohen of Scarboro High heaved the javelin 151 feet, 1 inch, to erase the mark of 134 feet, 5 inches, set by Irving Severy of Pennell in 1929.

## RECAPITULATION

	Cape Elizabeth	Pennell	Windham	Scarboro	Gorham	Falmouth
100-yd. dash	0	0	1	2	0	8
Mile run	0	3	5	1	2	0
440-yd. run	0	5	0	2	1	3
880-yd. run	0	2	0	1	5	3
220-yd. run	0	3	0	5	1	2
High jump	3 1/3	0	0	4 1/3	0	3 1/3
Pole vault	0	0	1 1/2	8	0	2 1/2
Shot put	0	1	2	5	3	0
Javelin	0	0	1	5	3	2
Broad jump	0	3	2	6	0	0
Discus	0	5	2	3	1	0
Relay	0	3	2	5	0	1
Total	3 1/3	25	15 1/2	47 1/3	16	24 5/6

First places taken by Pennell were: 440-yard run won by Vernon Pollard. Time: 10.4 minutes; and Discus Throw won by Donald F. Hall with a throw of 90 feet, 3 inches.

We also were able to take four seconds, one third, and one fourth berth.

Many of the track team graduated this year, and it is doubtful if we offer too much competition in Outdoor Track this coming spring.



#### BASEBALL TEAM

*Front row, left to right:* William Sanborn, Carlton Skilling, Earle Wilson, Nathan Paul, James Pollard, and Giles Carr.

*Back row, left to right:* George Lashua, Edgar Dauphinée, Robert Purinton, John Pollard, Walter Nason, Walter Stewart, Mr. Freeman (coach), Harold Cooper, Martin Lashua, Charles Dingwell, Richard Prince (manager).

#### BASEBALL

We didn't go out very strong for Baseball in 1941, playing only three games. We began quite well, winning from Gorham with a score of 11 to 3, but we were not able to keep the pace.

The next two games we lost, one to Standish with a score of 4 to 15, and the other to Greely, 7 to 18.

This Spring, we have a new coach, Mr. Freeman, and we are looking forward to a fairly successful season with the following boys on the team: Edgar Dauphinee, Roland Humphrey, Earle Wilson, Martin Lashua, Harold Cooper, Walter Nason, Carlton Skilling, Robert Purinton, Walter Stewart, Clifford Purinton, James Pollard, Milo Cummings, and John Pollard.



#### BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

*Front row, left to right:* Giles Carr, Carlton Skilling, Earle Wilson, Nathan Paul, Arnold Hall.

*Back row, left to right:* George Lashua (manager), John Pollard, Robert Purinton, Harold Cooper, Mr. Freeman (coach), Walter Stewart, Martin Lashua, Milo Cummings, James Pollard, Richard Prince (manager).

#### BASKETBALL

We had a rather unfortunate season in basketball this year, winning only two out of the six league games, thus taking the third berth in our league, and winning only three of our ten non-league games.

It was very disastrous for us to lose by graduation six of our regular players. This weakened our team considerably, although we had some excellent material come in this year. With considerable practice our team next year should prove to offer much more competition.

We feel that Mr. Freeman, our new coach, did fine work, considering the material and talent present.

Earle Wilson and Walter Stewart were the high-scorers, tossing in plenty of baskets and putting in much hard and skillful work; while Carlton Skilling came in third with some brilliant playing. We were fortunate in having Walter Stewart enter both our school and the basketball team as an experienced center.

Following are the League Games :

PENNELL 17, FREEPORT 31

In our first league game of the season we were not able to get up much steam, thus Freeport proved to be too much for us to overcome.

PENNELL 18, GREELY 32

As in our first game, we were confronted with a team of superior strength. The first half we held them down to the score of 15-19, but in the last half it was a different story, with Greely gaining an edge over us.

PENNELL 18, NORTH YARMOUTH ACADEMY 17

In this game we met a team of our own caliber. It was close the entire way through the game, North Yarmouth being only one point ahead at the close of the first half, and Pennell one point ahead at the end.

PENNELL 19, GREELY 25

If we had been able to have made an earlier start, we might have won this game, since we scored evenly with the opponents during the last half. Unfortunately, it was too late when we got underway.

PENNELL 21, FREEPORT 31

We have improved slightly since the first encounter with this team, but not quite enough. Earle Wilson was our high scorer during this game.

PENNELL 30, NORTH YARMOUTH ACADEMY 23

At the end of the first half the two teams were tied, making this game very exciting, but Pennell finally pulled away from them during the fourth quarter.

We played two games with Porter, being pretty thoroughly trounced; two with New Gloucester, in which we had the pleasure of winning with a large score; two with Sabattus, who easily trimmed us; two with Gorham, who barely succeeded in overcoming us; and two with Windham, in which we shared the honors.

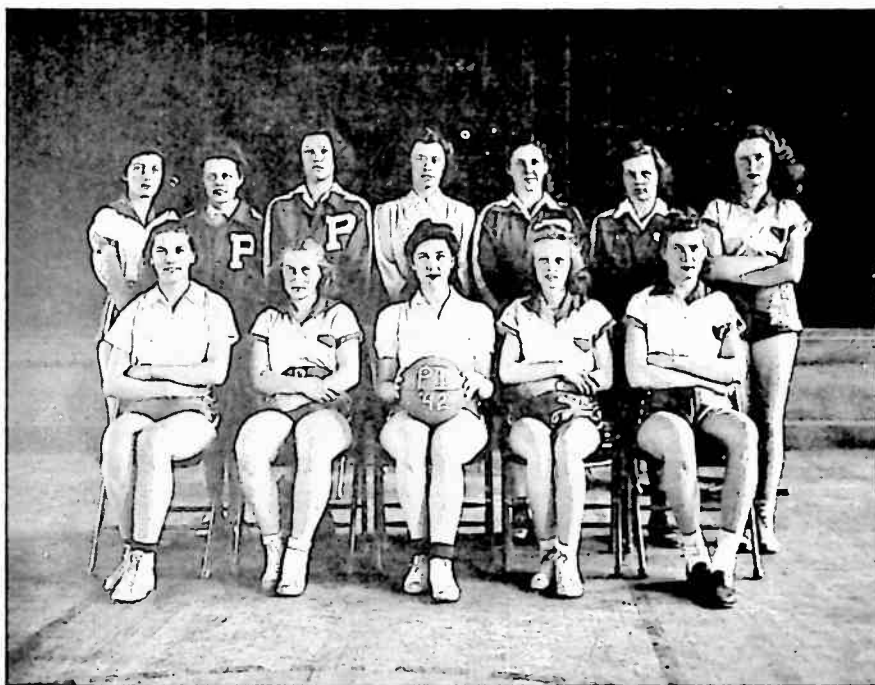
Those boys who were out for the team were Earle Wilson, Walter Stewart, Martin Lashua, Milo Cummings, Giles Carr, Arnold Hall, Robert Purinton, Carlton Skilling, James Pollard, and John Pollard. The Managers were Richard Prince and George Lashua.

---

### GYM

Every Thursday morning we have a gym class for one hour in order to associate the entire student body with the various sports. We play Basketball, Baseball, Softball, Volleyball, Track, and many other contests of skill and strength.

MILO CUMMINGS.



#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

*Front row, left to right:* Colleen Blake, Shirley Purinton, Ruth Smith, Emily Maxwell, Ethel Purinton.

*Back row, left to right:* Doris McDonald, Mae Muzzy, Dorothy Colley, Miss Reid (coach), Jeanne Smith, Shirley Kuch (manager), and Carley Crommett.

#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team this year was coached by Miss Reid. Present at practice were Emily Maxwell, Ethel Tripp, Jeanne Smith, Ruth Smith, Mae Muzzy, Dorothy Colley, Shirley Purinton, Carley Crommett, Doris McDonald, Colleen Blake, Mildred Gibson, and Geraldine Pollard.

The first game of the season was lost to Windham, which weakened our morale a little. The next game we played with the alumni and won, this renewed our courage—or maybe it was because we were treated to ice cream sodas by Mr. Richards and Miss Reid!

The schedule and scores were as follows:

Pennell	2	Windham	28
Pennell	27	Alumni	24
Pennell	46	Alumni	16
Pennell	16	Porter	23
Pennell	10	Porter	31
*Pennell	8	Freeport	32



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Pennell	23	Sabattus	14
*Pennell	16	Greely	31
Pennell	27	Deering	18
Pennell Girls	18	Pennell Boys	21
Pennell Girls	20	Pennell Boys	24
*Pennell	20	Greely	22
*Pennell	16	Freeport	25
Pennell	29	Deering	17
Pennell	23	Sabattus	13

(Those with asterisks were league games.)

Fifteen games were played, 6 games won, and 9 games lost.

In a game with the Alumni, Ruth Smith scored nineteen points which she said was just luck!

During every practice three Foul Shots were taken by those present. Ruth Smith and Ethel Tripp tied in the contest and both received an award.

We enjoyed Basketball very much this year, and we hope to do better next year.

---

### GIRLS' GYM

This year girls' gym was under the direction of Miss Reid. Classes were held for an hour every Thursday and the exercise made the girls feel like new people (especially the next day when they complained about sore muscles and creaky joints). We took up Basketball, Calisthenics, Volleyball, Tumbling, and several different types of games and pyramid building, which I, the writer of this article, particularly remember, for I was invariably the foundation.

JEANNE SMITH.

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### GIRLS' SOFTBALL

Last Fall the gym class had several interesting Softball practices. Then we were asked to play two games, one with Cape Elizabeth, there, and one with Greely Institute, here. We didn't win either, but the girls showed marked improvement, and we like to think that with a few more games we would have won. At least it is an interesting thought.

A game such as Softball gives a large number of girls a chance to play and everyone was eager to show her skill.

We appreciate the several helpful suggestions Mr. Freeman gave us.

This spring the girls are looking forward to more successful games.

ELIZABETH REID,  
*Coach.*

By exchanging yearbooks we are able to compare ours with those of other schools, thus being able to develop an all-around yearbook.

*The Four Corners*, Scarboro High School, Scarboro.

The neatness of your book shows that you have an efficient and dependable board.

I have received yearbooks from the following schools, and have written to many others, but I haven't received any from them at the time of printing:

*The Crimson Rambler*, Standish High, Standish.

*The Four Corners*, Scarboro High, Scarboro.

*The Banner*, Livermore Falls High, Livermore Falls.

*The Outlook*, Porter High, Porter.

*The Pilot*, Mechanic Falls High, Mechanic Falls.

*Leavitt Angelus*, Leavitt Institute, Turner Center.

ELIZABETH STETSON.





#### BIBLE STUDY CLASS

*Front row, left to right:* Marion Thompson, Ethel Tripp, Ruth Smith, Jeanne Smith, Colleen Blake, and Elizabeth Stetson.

*Back row, left to right:* Doris McDonald, Malynn Glass, James Pollard, Irving Verrill, Arnold Hall, Lee Mitchell, Kenneth Sayward, Donald Strout, and Geraldine Pollard.

#### BIBLE STUDY

It was most gratifying to find the continued interest in Bible Study this year. The Life of Jesus was reviewed for the benefit of the new members. Then followed a study of Comparative Religions.

In making the acquaintances of such men as Akhenaten, Zoroaster, Confucius, and other religious leaders, the class found that the philosophy of Jesus could stand comparison and not be found wanting.

At the first of the year the class met at the parsonage for a social and elected the following officers: President, Neal Merrill; Vice-President, Ruth Smith.

Also, members of the class rendered dramatic assistance to the church on Thanksgiving and Easter.

REVEREND EDWARD F. WHITE.

## Alumni

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This year we are continuing the policy of printing news of the last four years' Alumni only.

During the last four years the Skillings medal has been awarded to Sarah A. Wilson, '38; Frances Field, '39; Madeline Merrill, '40; and Catherine McDonald, '41.

Officers of the Alumni Association are:

*Acting President* ..... GERALD KIMBALL  
*Vice-President* ..... GERALD KIMBALL  
*Secretary* ..... ELSIE MEGQUIER  
*Treasurer* ..... MRS. NORMA LIBERTY

### CLASS OF 1939

Elsie Bisbee—Residing in Gray.

Linwood Clark—Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

Frances Colley Faunce—Residing in Portland.

Deane Durgin—Employed by an Aircraft Factory in Conn.

Anthony Eaton—Attending Bowdoin College.

Arthur Higgins—Private in the United States Army.

David Kupelian—Attending Boston University.

Harry Lauritsen—Employed by S. D. Warren Co., Westbrook.

Earle Leavitt—Employed by Thomas Laughlin Co., Portland.

Virginia McInnis Morse—Residing in Gray.

Ava Megquier—Residing in York Haven, Pa.

James Morey—Private in the United States Army.

Wilma Qualey Wilkinson—Residing in Gray.

Edith Russell—Attending Farmington Normal School.

James Russell—Attending University of Maine.

Aldine Verrill—Beauty Culturist employed in Portland.

Sarah Wilson—Attending University of Vermont.

### CLASS OF 1939

Vivian Boyd Bailey—Residing in Gray.

Everett Doughty—Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

William Duplisia—Airplane Mechanics, Army Training School in Santa Monica, California.

Frances Field Manchester—Residing in West Gray.

Robert Glass—Employed by the Frojoy Ice Cream Co., Portland.

June Hall—Employed as Secretary in Portland.

Willis Hancock—Attending Gorham Normal School.

Mildred Hayes—Employed at the "Princess Pat," Portland.

Walter Hinds—Employed by Thomas Laughlin Co., Portland.

Arvilla Humphrey—Attending Farmington Normal School.

Kathleen Jordan—Student nurse, Maine General Hospital.

Olive Knudsen Day—Residing in Portland.

Sidney Leavitt—Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

Urban Roberts—Employed by Thomas Laughlin Co., Portland.

Ralph Sawyer—Attending Tufts College.

William Taylor—Deceased.

Raymond Winslow—Private in the United States Marines.

CLASS OF 1940

Miriam Bisbee—Attending Castine Normal School.

Betty Blake—Employed by Howard Johnson's, Portland.

Katherine Boyd Griffin—Milford, Conn.

Betty Cooper—Attending Becker College.

Edward Delorme—Employed at Cities Service Station, Portland.

Almon Hall—Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

Charles Kuch—Air Corps, Drew Field, Tampa, Florida.

Arthur Lawrence—Residing in Gray.

Beatrice Scribner—Employed by Hannaford Bros., Portland.

Albert Skilling—Employed by Thomas Laughlin Co., Portland.

Anne Thibodeau—Student Nurse, Mass. General Hospital.

Laura Thompson Jewett—Residing in Gray.

Madeline Merrill—Attending N. E. Conservatory of Music.

Neal Morey—Employed by the Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

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Margarite Nichols Adams—Residing in Portsmouth, N. H.

Marguerite Perry—Residing in Gray.

Donald Verrill—Residing in Dry Mills.

John Whitney—Employed by Saco-Lowell Co., Saco.

Helen Winslow—Secretary of Old Tavern Farm, Portland.

CLASS OF 1941

Virginia Barton—Residing in Gray.

Henderson Beal—Attending Northeastern University.

Christine Clark Morrison—Residing in Gray.

Jane Eaton—Attending Antioch College, Ohio.

Berenice Edwards—Attending Gorham Normal School.

Raymond Field—Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

Donald B. Hall—Employed at Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

Donald F. Hall—Employed by the Canadian National Railways, St. Lawrence Division, Portland office.

Arthur Hitchcock—Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard, South Portland.

James H. Johnson—Private in the United States Marines.

Philip Kupelian—P. G. at Pennell.

Esther Libby—Telephone Company, Gray.

Catherine McDonald—P. G. at Pennell.

Edra Maxwell Wilkinson—Residing in Dry Mills.

Neal Merrill—P. G. at Pennell.

Phyllis Nason—Residing in Gray.

Vernon Pollard—Residing in Gray.

Helen Russell—P. G. at Pennell.

Kathleen Sawyer—Residing in Gray.

Thurza Sawyer Hinds—Residing in Portland.

June Whitney—Employed by Woolworth's, Portland.

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